

He's such an annoying man. There he sits by the side of the road: a blind beggar who is nevertheless terribly alive, so alive that he pierces our gaze, so alive that he forces us to respond, so alive that it makes us hurt. Why is he like that?

Jesus, however, sees the mendicant in another light. He approaches him and touches him gently. He does not speak of guilt.

He sees the beggar's blindness not as blameworthy but as a chance for him to manifest the power of God, which when you come down to it, is the only thing that really matters in life. Jesus is not looking for guilt but for possibilities for human goodness to be revealed everywhere, even in the face of sufferings and health problems. But even though the beggar's situation is painful, it is not his ultimate destiny.

At the touch of Jesus, the man is changed. He is no longer a blind beggar. He is now walking around and talking about Jesus. Those who know him no longer recognize him, because something has transformed the fabric of his reality.

But if he is no longer blind and no longer a beggar, then who is he? This seemingly trivial question is actually serious and profound. If we could make the views other people have of us disappear, if we could shed the roles we habitually adopt, if the illusions we sell to others about ourselves to make them accept us were to fall away, then what would be left of us?

Who are we, above and beyond the place assigned to us by the world?

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